PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. XI • No. 3 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JULY 21, 1939 | FIVE CENTS

A MIRACLE

Over Alfred Frankenstein's article on the Fifth Annual Bach Festival in the San Francisco *Chronicle* Tuesday morning the headline reads: "Carmel Miracle Opens."

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JUST WHY SHOULD OUR SCHOOL DISTRICT GET INTO SUCH MESSES?

Charles K. Van Riper's rather caustic letter embodying his refusal to accept appointment to the Carmel Unified School district board of trustees adds one more note of discord and turbulence to the history of the district. As a Sunset Elementary School district there was intermittent strife over the final ten years of its life. During the transitory period between the baby district and the full-grown high school status of today, there was bitterness which came to a head during the election for trustee, and since the official birth of the Unified District, only three weeks ago, there have been rumblings in which Van Riper's letter strikes a new crescendo.

It is all lamentable and so utterly useless. We are a community of a high degree of intelligence and, yes, intellectuality. We are devoted to our children and devotedly interested in their welfare. Their education is of paramount importance in their lives and there is not one of us, individually, who does not make his interest in that education one of the most vital things in his life.

And yet we have been squabbling about the administration of school affairs for months and we continue to squabble. Whether or not Charlie Van Riper is right in his premises and his judgments, and he certainly is wrong in some of them, is not important. The fact remains that he was the leader of the high school movement, and the hardest individual worker in the accomplishment of its purposes, and he is expressing himself now as dissatisfied with about everything that has happened since the realization of its objective. That he has followers there is no doubt. That there are many who agree with him and entertain his resentment at the conduct of school district affairs since the formation of the district there is no doubt. That these antagonistic citizens will continue their antagonism, no matter what the present school trustees do or try to do, we are inclined to believe in the light of the past there is no doubt.

As one who, personally and as a newspaper editor, seeks to serve the best interests of the district as a whole and to further the welfare of the children of this community, we are forced down to a spirit of resignation. We see no calm waters ahead unless some cornucopia of the gods shall magically pour oil upon them. The human element in the present scheme of things appears to be as impotent as a Portuguese man-o'-war.

We, with what grace we have, give up. But if in striking our flag there is any sort of a torch we might fling to whatever hands may desire to lift it high, it is this: That those who are so bitter against the present board; those who see politics and maladministration in its words and acts; those who cannot reconcile themselves to disappointments and face the issue squarely,

(Continued on Page Two)

Fifth Annual Bach Festival Surpasses All Promise; Consummates a Dream

Their Vision Is Realized in Great Event

DENE DENNY and HAZEL WATROUS, whose long view and high ideal for the Carmel Bach Festival, with the plan for making of Carmel a world music center, are being justified by the excellence of the fifth annual event now in progress here

Photo by George Smith

MAGNIFICENTLY IT BIDS FAIR TO MAKE CARMEL NEW WORLD SALZBURG

By LYNDA SARGENT

At the first downstroke of Usigli's baton for the opening number of this year's program Monday night, Carmel's Bach Festival assumed the major and majestic proportions of a national event with specific promise that it will not be as long as most of us imagined before our Festival will have joined up with the great tradition of such events reaching from antiquity onwards. To this date, inclusive of Wednesday's organ recital, the Festival has never before anywhere near approached the smoothness of performance and programming, the fine balance, the distinguished ensemble offered by Miss Denny and Miss Watrous for the fifth annual week of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Evident from the beginning was the new and exciting relationship between Usigli and the orchestra. Certainly not in all its history of growth from the meagre and almost entirely amateur group on Dolores street to its present semi-professional character has the Festival orchestra achieved such fine understanding of the music as it did in moments Monday night. There was precision of phrasing, there were delicacy and dignity, there was incorporate in it all a high standard of musicianship.

Usigli has liked the work here this year. He says it is a challenge and an opportunity. In taking the opportunity and accepting the challenge he has made the decisive step necessary toward establishing the Carmel Festival alongside the great European events of like character —Salzburg, Bayreuth and the rest. Only a great conductor could have accomplished what Usigli has done this week.

Seldom has anything so exciting happened in this village as Madame Ehlers' interpretation of the *Brandenburg V*. With her very appearance came a sudden whiff of the world of the truly notable, the truly cosmopolitan. Aided by Van Leeuwen's unspeakably poignant flute passages and Pollak's violin, the performance on the harpsichord was so astonishingly beautiful as to hold the packed auditorium in a firm grasp of wonder. And it is doubtful if any solo event the Carmel Festival ever offers in what promises to be a great future will exceed in scope or magnificence of performance Madame Ehlers' interpretation of the *Italian Concerto*.

The choral work in the *Praise Our God* cantata was another triumph for the conductor. It was a happy and competent chorus as against a rather bewildered previous ensemble. It has won coherence and also beauty of texture and, in the final number, a tone full

(Continued on Page Four)

CONCERTS STILL TO COME

This afternoon at 4 o'clock: Organ recital in All Saints' Church. John McDonald Lyon at the organ.

Tomorrow night: Doris Ballard's violin number, the "Concerto in E major"; the three-piano Concerto with Thompson, Linsley and Prindle; the "Phoebus and Pan" cantata.

Sunday night at the Mission: "The B minor Mass"

Tickets and information at the Bach Festival Headquarters, Thoburns Real Estate Office, opposite the Carmel Library.

PROTECTION OF LIFE ON BEACH PLANS ARE CARRIED OUT

Speedy action was taken by the Parks and Playgrounds commission and the street department in carrying out plans for protection of life on the Carmel beach following the tragedy of last week. Signs at all entrances to the beach have been erected. They read: "This Beach Unsafe for Swimming." In the two comfort stations surf boards, to be used by rescuers, have been installed. The fire department has ordered a large board, equipped with handles, which it will use when called for rescue service.

500 Moral Re-Armament Workers Arrive Today on the Peninsula

More than 500 workers in the Moral Re-Armament movement will arrive on the Monterey Peninsula today for ten days of daily assemblies.

The contingent, 400 of which will arrive by special train from San Francisco, will be led by Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, its founder, and H. W. (Bunny) Austin, British tennis ace and one of the dynamic figures in the movement.

There will be assemblies on the Peninsula in Monterey, at Sunset School in Carmel and at Asilomar. The headquarters will be at the Monterey Chamber of Commerce.

Two advance workers, arranging for accommodations for the assembly members and places of assembly, arrived in Carmel yesterday and called at THE CYMBAL office. They are Warner Clark of Philadelphia and Erik Jensen of Copenhagen.

The hundreds of workers have been holding assemblies across the country, starting in New York. Assemblies in Washington, D.C., Minneapolis, Hollywood and last night in San Francisco followed. More than 30,000 attended the assembly in the Hollywood Bowl this week.

The first great organization meeting was held in Interlaken, Switzerland, last September.

The first assemblies here will not be open to the public, but public assemblies later during the ten-day stay of the workers on the Peninsula will be announced.

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Mrs. Rita Beller has Florence Brown and Willette Allen visiting her from San Francisco.

Residents of the Monterey Peninsula interested in entertaining guests attending the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly, July 21-31, please communicate with the Assembly office, Monterey Chamber of Commerce. Phone 5713. It is preferred that accommodations not exceed one dollar per bed per night.

an issue which has to do only with the common good—we suggest to such as those that they interest themselves physically, as well as mentally, in school affairs; that they attend meetings of the board; that they ask questions of it; discuss its budget with it, and endeavor to find upon it people of their own flesh and blood who are giving freely and free their time and energies to serve the public weal, and are doing it conscientiously and with an integrity that cannot be denied.

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OUR BACH EDITION

As nearly as we can estimate, and conservatively, more than 1500 copies of THE CYMBAL'S Fifth Annual Bach Festival Edition were either carried away from the Monterey Peninsula this week and last or departed it by way of the Carmel post office. This is in addition to the normal distribution to subscribers and the average weekly sale by the newsstands and newsboys in Carmel.

At 11 minutes after 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon of this week the supply was exhausted. There just weren't any more. Those of you who delayed too long in asking for your copy will have to wait until next year when, we are ambitious enough to promise, you will find the Sixth Annual Bach Festival Edition of the CARMEL CYMBAL more beautiful and better in every way than this year's.

As for this year's edition, the editor of THE CYMBAL finds his sinful heart jammed with gratitude. He finds himself incapable of adequate expression (that must mean quality, not quantity, says his wife) of the appreciation he feels for the work done by Lynda Sargent. To her, who so ably edited the exclusive Bach section, and for the paragraphs of beauty she wrote throughout the entire paper, his tribute knows no bounds. To the others who made such valuable contributions to the text he is immeasurably grateful, too. And to Gene Watson and Porter Halsey, responsible for the beautiful physical appearance of the edition, must go his high praise as also must go yours.

As for compliments and congratulations from those who exhausted the entire edition in three days, they were myriad. We print the following as an eloquent summation of them all:

Mr. W. K. Bassett,
Editor of THE CYMBAL,
My dear Mr. Bassett:

Congratulations on the Bach Festival Edition. Unstinted praise is due to all who had a part in its production. In letterpress, typography, press work, showing halftones almost like original photographs, the edition was of the highest standard of excellence in every department. You were therefore quite justified saying in "Pointing Pridefully," that it was "the most beautiful edition of a weekly newspaper ever to have left the press," and I know something about getting out special editions. My hat is off to Lynda Sargent, too, whose creative genius and inspiring leadership contributed so greatly to make the complete success achieved.

Sincerely yours,
EDGAR WILLIAMS

Carmel, July 18.

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HERALD AND PINE CONE START DRIVE TO BEAT BASSETT FOR COUNCIL

It is with considerable amusement and, albeit, a certain amount of satisfaction that we view the rather silly efforts of the *Peninsula Herald* to make Ranny Cockburn's proposal of a city manager for Carmel stand up on its feet as a news story.

Hilariously comic was the *Herald's* front-page effort this last Wednesday. "City Manager Issue To Come Up in Carmel" the headline said, and the sub-head, "Cockburn To Urge Proposal at Next Council Meeting." Then, the story under these headlines sets forth that Ranny has made such a proposal (in his *Pine Cone* last week) but that no Carmel organization has endorsed it and that no member of the city council has even given it a recent thought. And yet the opening paragraph reads: "Carmel may become the third Peninsula municipality with a city manager form of government."

As a purported news story the entire thing is sheer nonsense, based on nothing at all but an idea expressed by the boy editor of Dolores street and not at all a new idea. A city manager for Carmel has been talked about for months and months. Former Mayor James H. Thoburn has harped on it for three or four years and when he was on the council he repeatedly brought it up during sessions of that body.

However, the merits or the demerits of the proposal aside, the story in the *Herald* has absolutely no basis in fact and is pure piffle.

Now let us discuss the motive behind such asinine journalism. It's easy to discover and it is in the motive that we find also our abovementioned satisfaction.

The *Herald* has for a long time been looking on the growing popularity of the CARMEL CYMBAL with a high degree of annoyance. The commercial part of its journalism brain hasn't been at all pleased by the fact that more and more Carmel people are depending on THE CYMBAL for Carmel news and comment on Carmel affairs. It had little to fear from the *Pine Cone* over the years. An uninteresting weekly newspaper, with a stationary interest among a limited and now diminishing circle of readers, didn't bother the *Herald* much. But a growing weekly newspaper in Carmel, and a vigorous one, and one that can justifiably claim that practically every adult this side of the Carmel hill reads it every week, is another thing altogether. The *Herald* doesn't like THE CYMBAL from a commercial aspect.

So, it deprives THE CYMBAL and THE CYMBAL'S editor of any publicity in its columns unless it is unfavorable publicity such as that involving traffic violations, for instance, to which it gives three times the space warranted. THE CYMBAL'S editor talks to the council about something in which the council expresses itself as interested, as at the most recent regular council meeting, and no mention of THE CYMBAL editor appears in the *Herald* in the story written by the managing editor himself.

And the *Herald* feels that now is an opportune time to give the editor of the *Pine Cone* some extra support in an effort to stem the popularity of THE CYMBAL. The editor of THE CYMBAL has announced himself as a candidate for the city council. The *Herald* figures that with him on the city council, THE CYMBAL will get added publicity and become increasingly interesting. It may be right; it can't always be wrong. It's just possible that Winsor Josselyn, who knows a lot of people in these parts, has discovered that if this fellow Bassett gets his name on a ballot next April the chances are getting too good that enough X's will drop opposite it to land him on the council. A lot of junk about a city manager plan, "suggested" by the *Pine Cone's* juvenile editor, could very well be one way of starting the campaign against any such possibility.

As for the city manager idea itself, we find no fault with it except that we believe Carmel is too small and can afford too little in salary to obtain a man who would be an efficient city manager.

But if we can manage to do it, and if it would result in a wiser and a better government than we have now, we're for it. The editor of THE CYMBAL has no desire to serve on Carmel's city council for any assumed honor in the thing, or glory of it. He has served on the governing body of a city ten times the size of Carmel and it's no fun and damned little honor. If the combination of the *Herald* and the *Pine Cone* can fix things in this city before next April so that he won't have to do it, nothing would please him better. It would be pretty soft for him to be able to accomplish something by his mere threat of candidacy.

However, he doesn't believe the *Herald's* scheme will do the city any good, and the chances are as strong today as they were three months ago that Bassett will make an effort to get on the Carmel city council next April. And as the days go by it looks more and more as though the *Herald* and Ranny and the police department are going to have a tough job beating him.

—W. K. B.

G.O.P. Women To Greet Leader Next Week

MISS MARION MARTIN

Miss Marion Martin, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee and executive director of the National Federation of Republican Women's Clubs of America, will be the speaker at a meeting at Pine Inn next Wednesday evening, July 26, at 8 o'clock. With Miss Martin will be Mrs. L. G. More, national committeeman of Texas; Mrs. Edith Van de Water, national committeeman of California; Mrs. Jessie S. Williamson, president of the California Council of Republican women, northern division, and Miss Anne Woodall, vice-president of the California Council of Republican women, northern division.

The meeting is sponsored by the Republican Women of the Monterey Peninsula and is open to the public.

Miss Martin is a native of the State of Maine and among other honors was elected to the Maine House of Representatives in 1930, serving there two terms. She also served two terms as a member of the State Senate. Her appearance here from Republican headquarters at Washington, D.C., is regarded with great interest.

A Re-Born "Tatters" Scores Triumph With Jessie Joan Brown Delightfully Starring in the Title Role

Full and hilarious houses marked each of the three nights of last week-end's run of "Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch." The first night they had the aisles lined with chairs and spectators standing up at the rear.

Two years ago "Tatters" was dug up out of the archives and produced under the direction of Galt Bell, with Mary Henderson in the lead. It was revived again last week by special and repeated request with Gordon Knoles directing, and playing his former role of *Robert Ferris*, the half-breed Indian, and Jessie Joan Brown taking the part of *Tatters*.

Among the cast of 11, five had played in "Tatters" before. The remaining six had to get their parts in less than two weeks. Among those six were Jessie Joan and George Smith, carrying the burden of the two biggest parts.

Jessie Joan was amazing. Because of the time limit some of the Mary Henderson business was necessarily deleted, but, nevertheless, a fiery, more tempestuous, not quite so feminine *Tatters* was created that is essentially Jessie Joan's own, and which will no doubt be still further developed by the time "Tatters" has its second run next week-end.

George Smith proved his competence again in his development of the blustery, flowery character of *Major Timberlake*. This old melodrama packs a grand wallop and is as precious a bit of Americana as we have in our collection. The Troupers all deserve praise, and I think perhaps one of the reasons why their performances are so satisfying is that they have so much fun doing it. Of course, when you get natural comedians like Bob Bratt in a fat part, and such competent character actors as Milt Latham, Louis Dubin, Betty Bryant and Billy Shepard in the cast, there's no reason to doubt a satisfactory performance. Del Page had a small part, and is to be complimented on doing it to perfection when, as a rule, he is accustomed to much bigger assignments. Gordon made an Indian that any girl could fall for, besides doing a thorough job with the directing. Verne Williams took care of two parts, smallish ones, and Melba Hodges

(Continued on Page Nine)

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Sound This Week Is Live Embodiment Through Music of Sebastian Bach

By Kathryn Winslow

If one loves Carmel, those months which are lived away from it are absorbed into a warp, across whose unvaried continuity one has only the threads of remembrance for weaving such patterns as the heart might need. If, then, the morning comes in which both the eyes and the mind turn familiarly over the hill to take the actuality of ocean and dark pines again, there is such inner singing against the ears as the one who has not gone away can never hear.

All color brightens. The shadows of bark and leaves, the undertones of sand, the wet mist, even the dust-soft earth of the road takes substance tangibly. Salt wind has fragrance and taste. Pollen touches the lips, bitter with genista and Mexican poppy.

Sound is the stillness at the Point, the washing of the tide. It could be wind twang. It could be the sound of homecoming pounding the ears with its height. For this special week, the quality of hearing is no longer limitable, nor is it defined between the space of silence and the spheres of tone. Sound has become a live embodiment and fullness expressing sublimity through the personality of Johann Sebastian Bach. In its entity it is a transfiguration of more than sound. All that one's emotional expression will likely come to know in the span of life already exists in the musical totality of Bach's genius.

Both to come home, then, and to find Bach buttoned up with silver and smooth in new velvet, waiting on San Carlos street!

AND BACH WAS WAITING

Trombones announce that Bach is waiting.

It is a good feeling to come together with well-remembered faces to listen to Bach in the summer evenings. It is good to be a part of that audience for which the Festival exists, because, to participate in the music of Bach is not given only to the performers. The solo voices and the instruments, concerto to orchestral background, are strengthened by that background's contrast and balance. One understands how the anonymity of the orchestra gives focus to the concertina, or small group of soloists, how it points direction to their performance. The audience, also, has this anonymous quality of response and direction. To this part of the Festival I belong.

After a New York season of music, however fine it was, there is a greater pleasure in coming to one's own community where the week's music is enthusiastically received and appreciated, where the group of musicians and the chorus performing the Festival are so sincerely and so personally engaged in its success.

I do not know the names of all of those who take part, but that is because I have been away. I feel that most of the audience does know who they are and has met them. The backstage enthusiasm after each concert is indicative of this personal appreciation. I have been there and listened to introductions and to familiar greetings. I have seen Carmel welcome its annual Bach Festival wholeheartedly.

Comparatively small, but traditionally true to the kind of group with which Bach, himself, wrote and worked, 38 musicians make up a complete orchestra. There is lacking that formal atmosphere, and it has been replaced with a kind of bond more musical than professional. The same spirit is apparent in the 54 members of the chorus. That valuable attitude toward the music which they so lovingly give us is something which no Carnegie Hall could create or inspire. In the communal music of the many European countries where music is naturally expressed in the living of the people, there is that same spontaneous and genuine understanding.

This appears to me to be the substance of the Festival which Carmel brings to its community each July.

Yet that substance has been actively motivated, inspired and coordinated through the tireless enthusiasm of the Conductor, Gastone Usigli. What leadership these musicians and singers have needed to impel them toward achievement, the personality which is Usigli has supplied from the fullness of himself.

Monday evening opened with the *Overture No. 3 D major*, followed by the *Brandenburg Concerto V* for harpsichord, flute, violin and orchestra. Madame Ehlers made her first appearance here, returning in the next number, the *Italian Concerto* for the harpsichord alone, in which her superb playing brought heavy applause from a transported audience. Whether or not one may be an enthusiast of the harpsichord, there was no doubt that this gifted artist employs her instrument to its fullest expression.

In the *Brandenburg V* were heard also the eminent flautist, Ary Van Leeuwen, and Prof. Robert Pollak, violinist of world acclaim.

The second part of Monday evening's concert was given to the *Cantata No. 11*, "Praise Our God," whose soloists were Alice Mock, soprano; Belva Kibler, contralto; Russell Horton, tenor, and Edwin Dunning, bass. This was exceptionally well done, the chorus and orchestra sustaining the emotional depth of the *Cantata* against the solo delineation so authoritatively carried by the four voices of the soloists. Remembering that Bach wrote for boys' voices, it is especially satisfying to have heard these particular soloists in such careful fidelity to the original intention of the composer.

Tuesday evening's concert was devoted to the work of the sons of Bach, particularly the more eminent Carl Philipp Emmanuel and Johann Christian. Wilhelm Friedemann appeared on the program for one *Sinfonia*.

Although the sons of Bach were, in their time, considered greater than Johann Sebastian, "an organist," their glow has dimmed to proper intensity while the sun of the father has risen into its heaven. Unfortunately, the selection of Bach's sons' work which was arranged for Tuesday's program was not one through which a discriminating judgment of the sons could be made. Because of the unavailability of artists who might have performed those certain other and better, works, the Festival had no choice but to make the best combined use of the music and the performers it had brought to Carmel. This, too, was directly in the tradition of the original Bach groups whose numbers, ability and virtuosity varied from concert to concert.

An interesting segment of Tuesday's program was that in which the songs of Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach were sung by Noel Sullivan, bass soloist of the evening. The composer's departure from the traditional singing parts, which had always been written as one might employ an instrumental accompaniment for orchestra, is evidenced in these beginnings of the modern song.

Naturally enough, the sons, even as the father, wrote for the church. The songs, then, were composed to be sung in religious attitude. It seems to me that no better interpreter than Noel Sullivan could have been chosen, simply because he so truly possesses the instinctive Catholic approach to prayer. His totally impersonal, penitent mood, presupposes upon the immobility of the words a solemnity and self-immolation which is recognized in the music itself. Even without the words, Sullivan could project these songs completely, for the addition of words could in no way affect the musical achievement for the composer. For the same reason I recognize the possible detachment between words and score which Sullivan's foreign handling of the German language plainly illustrates. Without supplication, and without ignominy, this voice follows the objective interpretation of prayer, so perfectly illustrated in *Jesu in Gethsemane*. On the other hand, *The Goodness of God*, song of exaltation, necessitated a change in Sullivan's conception. Although he gave an animated, more subjective treatment to this last song, he was unable to reach the Protestantism of the music, a feat of which, also instinctively, he was incapable.

After the superb endurance of Bach senior on Monday, the works heard on Tuesday's program, in the music of the sons of Bach, contrasted so intensely as to leave one's decision at competitive disadvantage. This, however, did not detract from the fine performances of the soloists. Johann Christian Bach's Concerto for piano and strings, with Ralph Linsley at the piano, offered an admirable display of restraint in orchestral accompaniment. Impassively weaving into the music of the whole such pattern as his instrument provided, Linsley's smooth work was as effective as strong design in cloth, completing it, making it whole, and yet being but a single motif upon it.

In the second half of the Tuesday evening concert, Ary Van Leeuwen's remarkable job on the flute, in Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach's *Sonata* for flute unaccompanied, was prodigious. It can well be understood why he is the only contemporary flautist who accomplishes it. Certainly he confirmed his international reputation when he breathed from out of this harsh wind instrument, so meagerly given to virtuosity, an astonishing musical communication.

Michel Penha, familiar musical figure of Carmel's Bach Festivals, played the solo cello in the concluding *Concerto* for cello and orchestra. Penha, as always completely devoted to his instrument, invested both it and himself with entire authority, playing through the first movement with disarming ease, as well as seeming detachment from audience and orchestra. In transition to the second and third movements, Penha transcended both the personality and the material substance of himself into exaltation. His performance was exactly what was needed to bring the evening's procession of intellectuality to a sympathetic close.

Wednesday afternoon's recital returned to Old Bach and to his beloved medium, the organ. To John McDonald Lyon, organist, is entrusted the renascence of this sacred music for the Festival. Given to him, the quickening of those tones whose muted nomenclature finds spiritual release from out of his hands. These organ recitals, of which, unfortunately, there will be but two, seem to me to be the inner reality of any meaning which the revival of Bach's greatness bestows.

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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'Man of Conquest' Tonight and Tomorrow

RICHARD DIX as Sam Houston in "Man of Conquest"

"Man of Conquest," the story of Sam Houston, is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. Richard Dix stars in it, supported by Gail Patrick, Edward Ellis, Joan Fontaine and a most imposing cast. The story traces Houston's life from the time he left the Cherokee Indians, with whom he had been living for a year, to fight with Jackson in the War of 1812.

Republic spent two years in research to guarantee historical accuracy. The only liberty taken with actual events is the time of Houston's romance with Margaret Lea, played by Gail Patrick, since the film only takes Houston's life to the time he frees Texas.

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CARMEL PLAYERS START NEW WORK TUESDAY

Carmel Players meet next Tuesday at the Sunset School lunchroom. The meeting is called for 8 o'clock, and hereafter similar meetings will be held at same time and place each Tuesday and Thursday. Because the present set-up is under the adult education program, the public is not only invited but urged to attend. The more who show up at these meetings the happier the Players will be. Chick McCarthy is directing them and work will start immediately with rehearsals and informal productions of plays.

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READ THE CLASSIFIED ADS THIS WEEK—YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

Frankenstein Thrills Audiences With Companionable Talks on Bach

By VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

Johann Sebastian Bach was the prodigal and prodigious father of some 20 children, with a 20 per cent immortality rating in the musical world all cornered by masculine members of the family. Four brilliant and rebellious sons, who in their lifetime and, in fact, until the middle of the 19th century, were considered the great members of the Bach family. In his Tuesday morning lecture on the Bach offspring, Alfred Frankenstein, official Festival lecturer, attributed this 'Eternal Master' theme and variation of the music critics of two and one half centuries to the fact that the senior Bach was a master of unfashionable polyphony whose works were not even published until 100 years after his death and whose efforts had for the most part been heard of but not heard as they were in private collections. In 1850, when the first Bach Society started to publish the senior Bach's works Schumann and Mendelssohn began the great putsch which put Father Bach in the popularity lead.

Who can say whether in another 100 years, in a possible feminist wave of reaction, Anna Magdalena may be *the great* Bach?

To go back in the story, the four sons—Wilhelm Friedemann, Carl Philipp Emmanuel, Johann Christoph and Johann Christian—represented the transition from the polyphonic or many-voice style to the homophonic or single voice. This was a violent reaction from the traditions of Johann Sebastian and the sons went to an almost antipodal extreme. With Haydn and Mozart, who took a great deal of inspiration and instruction from both Carl Philipp and Johann Christian, there was again a reaction so that one might describe the works of the elder Bach as the base of a triangle, his sons as the side (definitely at right angles with their father), and Haydn and Mozart and the later musicians of the 19th century as the fusion or the hypothenuse.

Frankenstein's comments were restricted to the three sons whose works were performed at the Tuesday evening concert. Of these three, Carl Philipp, who was the greatest harpsichordist of his time and a master also of the then new piano keyboard so scorned by his father, is considered the great link between the elder Bach and modern music of Beethoven, Mozart. Carl Philipp, who was 20 years in the service of Frederick the Great, composed about 200 pieces for the harpsichord and keyboard instruments. Although his natural debt to and influence by his father is recognizable the framework of his compositions is a contrast of themes rather than his father's use of motif and variation in his music structure. Carl Philipp was also one of the founders of modern song.

Johann Christian was claimed by Mozart, who studied with him, to be the greatest of all musicians. In fact, Mozart went so far as to say that anyone who did not recognize Johann Christian as the master-teacher was just a bum.

Christian was the only one of the Bachs to go to Italy and is often known as the London Bach since he followed Handel as head of the Italian Opera Company in London.

In speaking on the Orchestral Music of Bach, in his Wednesday lecture, Frankenstein admitted that there was an anachronism in separating the chamber and orchestral music of Bach because actually all of Bach's secular music was performed by small orchestras in private concert salons and, therefore, would be classified at present (if played as it was written) as chamber music.

Johann Sebastian began his personal career in 1703 in Weimar. He stayed there only a few months and then went to Arnstadt in the capacity of organist. In 1707 he returned to Weimar and wrote a great deal of his church organ works during his nine years stay. At Coethen, from 1717 to 1723, he was in the service of a Calvinist Duke whose church required little music and he therefore concentrated on secular concerti and solo keyboard compositions. It was at this time that he wrote the famous *Well-Tempered Clavier*. In 1723 he was called to Leipzig to take over the post of rector or cantor of the St. Thomas Church choir school. He remained there until his death in 1750.

All of Bach's works were written for use for a definite event, time, place and combination of available skilled and unskilled instrumentalists. As a musician he was required to furnish a musical accompaniment and (or) expression for all his Master's fetes, festivals, services and moods. He also was expected to be thoroughly competent and accomplished in the art of teaching and in playing various instruments. Bach's frequent re-orchestration was not because "he didn't care how it sounded" but rather, as Frankenstein pointed out, because the available skilled musicians who were to perform his compositions changed so often, and when the top flautist left town and a master on the recorder arrived the latter naturally took over the elaborate figuration which had originally been arranged for the flautist and the piece was re-orchestrated to show off the new talent.

Bach's heritage in music was international in its scope although he himself never went outside the confines of a small group of Germanic towns. From the Italians he inherited a great tradition of violin mastery and he acknowledged this by arranging at least 20 or 30 of Vivaldi's concerti. From the French he took over the dance forms used in the overtures to French opera and from the German tradition he enlarged and developed on the Lutheran hymns and chorales.

In comparing and contrasting Bach with Palestrina, the great figure of the 16th century, Frankenstein commented on the fact that Bach's sacred music would most certainly be considered secular by the earlier man. In 1600 along with the beginning of the opera, there was the introduction of a definite dance metre even in the church music. Bach's music is characterized by the dance rhythms, the use of one or two modes, not the earlier Greek mode used in Palestrina's time, the use of the solo voice as an instrument in a very florid manner and in his concerti the use of concertinos or solo instruments played against the ripieno or background of simply worded accompanying instruments.

The final Frankenstein lecture on the *B Minor Mass* will be this morning at 11 o'clock at Sunset Auditorium.

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Each issue of THE CYMBAL graces (pardon us) the living-room tables of many and many a home in the Carmel district—not for a day, but for a week.

This Year's Bach Festival Most Notable Event

(Continued from Page One)

with the accord which is the guerdon of hard labor. Here, as in the orchestra, there is still work to be done, but it has suddenly got on the undeniably right way and when it enters upon the task of the *B minor Mass* Sunday night it will bring to that ultimately demanding job a corporate unity largely released from palatal worries and free for the long winging of its massive spiritual messages.

The totally exquisite singing of Alice Mock, Belva Kibler's serene contralto, Russell Horton's full-bodied tenor and the glorious gravity of Edwin Dunning's bass set a new high for the vocal soloists the greater part of whose work is still to come with the singing of the secular cantata (Bach called it a music drama) "Phoebus and Pan" tomorrow night and the *Mass* at the Mission Sunday.

Tuesday night's program, devoted to the works of three of the sons of Johann Sebastian Bach kept to the remarkably high mark of the first night. A warm and hearty audience welcomed Noel Sullivan home in his deeply-sympathetic fulfillment of four of the songs of Philipp Emmanuel Bach; sat in the trance composite of the sophisticate and primitive with which Michel Penha always manages to endue the cello—evoking festivals older than knowledge; wildly applauded the tremendously-eloquent flute sonata when that great man, Ary Van Leeuwen, had let them fall from the enchantment of pipes and reeds and long ago, and discovered that Ralph Linsley is a pianist and not only a vague continuo and handy man for the rest of the cast.

Concluding his first organ recital with the *Prelude and Fugue in G major* which brought all the resources of the organ at All Saints' Church to the service of this masterpiece among works for the organ, John McDonald Lyon added to last year's laurels by a plenitude of devout and learned expression such as most of us think impossible of our comparatively-small instrument. One walked out onto Monte Verde street into a strange world of small folk, hearing the voices called forth long afterward. On this afternoon's program, Lyon will play the piece he considers greatest of all organ music, the *B minor Prelude and Fugue*.

The credit for this almost unbelievable achievement goes everywhere where men and women and boys and girls have given their time and talents to its development. It goes to previous conductors. To people who are not here this year and to those who have stuck it through. To Carmel and its abiding wish for the success of all artistic endeavor.

But the *whole* credit goes to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Not chiefly because they have worked harder than the hardest working of their artists; not solely that they are artists themselves, but because they knew what they wanted and have in their employment two unique assets towards getting it—Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous.

They wanted a festival of music for Carmel, growing out of local endeavor but widening yearly to take on new talent and assume broader horizons, until it became eventually a national and then an international affair. They have been very diligent; have braved criticism and even contempt for their dream.

And now that, in the opinion of this week's audiences, they find the goal definitely in sight, it is time to say that people like Usigli and Ehlers have come here because of the personal attributes of Miss Denny and Miss Watrous. And perhaps also the place to recall that there have been boys and girls found sitting on their steps in the dawn, waiting to transform Carmel into a new-world Salzburg.

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AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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BUT CROESUS IS DEAD

Dig deep the grave and in it lay
The silver and the gold.
Perhaps we'll bring it out some day
When you and I are old.
Perhaps we'll bring it out to lend
To London or to Rome,
That they may use the stuff to spend
For things we need at home.

Shove up the price and peg it high
And let us all be merry.
The more there is the more we'll buy;
The more we'll also bury.
The more we buy the more we'll own
When trade relations crack.
And so the more we'll have to loan
That we may buy it back.

We'll buy it back without regret
As we are buying now;
For all we have to pay is sweat
From our collective brow.
Yes, all we have to pay is stuff
That sweat and thought produce.
It's true our people lack enough
Of them—But what's the use?

Dig deep the grave and in it lay
The silver and the gold.
What matter if the price we pay
Makes others glad they've sold?
What matter if the price we set
Lets foreign nations fleece us?
The precious metal that we get
Will make us rich as Croesus.

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OF PLANKS AND THINGS

So Jim Thoburn took a plank, and he shoved it into the water and swam with it to the drowning man. And together they clung to it till further help arrived. Jim was a hero, and no doubt about it. I take off my hat to him even though, like Jim, I don't wear a hat.

What happened in the Carmel surf that day reminds me of something that has been happening in the nation during the whole of this decade. A great many people were in danger of being swept away, and a certain man grabbed a plank, not minding much where he got it, and swam out to them and gave them a handhold on it.

So they are still afloat, though they're also still in trouble to their necks.

Recently, too, it has been recognized that if they're all to stay afloat they can't ride on top of the plank. All they can do, unless they want to submerge it completely, is hang onto it. And because this leaves them most uncomfortable and insecure they're in a mood to let the old plank go to the devil.

They'll strike against the thing, forgetting that its sole purpose is to keep them afloat.

Discomfort may have something to do with that. Ten years is a long time to be in trouble to your neck. particularly when you don't know but that this stretch is just a beginning. They still don't see any boat coming out to pick them off the plank.

If there had been a boat on the Carmel Beach the tragic day when Jim made his rescue he wouldn't have had to use his plank. There'd have been a routine rescue, that's all. And if there had been a boat on the national beach in 1929 we'd all be warm and dry by now.

But there wasn't a boat, and the man who went out with the plank did the best thing that a man could do under the circumstances. What was needed at the moment was something that could be clung to. As an emergency expedient it was first rate—you use whatever you can lay your hands on in an emergency. Time is the essence of the contract.

And if the current at the national beach had been running in the right direction it would have brought everyone ashore. But it didn't happen to be, and it isn't now. And there isn't much you can do about currents.

So everyone is complaining. The owners of the plank want it back, and the people in the water want a boat. And the national Jim Thoburn must almost envy the Forgotten Man. But he's still interested in making that rescue.

The national Jim Thoburn says to the owners of the plank, as they cuss him from the shore, "Bring us a boat and you can have your dog-gone plank."

And the people on shore say, "Send us back the plank and we'll build you a boat. But we can't build a boat without that plank."

They probably think they're right. But what they say doesn't answer the question, "If we take the plank away from the people who are hanging onto it what will happen to them while it is being built into a boat?" It doesn't even answer the question, "Will you build the boat, or do you just want the plank?"

And the impatience increases. It is likely to continue to increase so long as some people are in the water and others are out a valuable plank.

We on shore can't help being a little impatient with those who aren't satisfied with the plank. And those who cling to it are impatient with a government which won't send out a lot more timber, so they can ride high and dry—even if in the process so many planks are filched that it will be impossible ever to build a boat with what is left.

But patience on both sides is still important, patience coupled with a determination by those of us on shore that we'll build a boat with what we have left to build it with. Then we can finish teh rescue, get our plank back, and go home.

We can't just leave it up to the pilot of the plank. He's having trouble enough with his primitive navigation, and I have a hunch that he is so engrossed with its requirements that boat building is a secondary consideration with him at the moment.

And we don't have to put him in charge of our boat when we get it built. If we'll only build it no one, not even he, should question our right to put a reputable pilot of our own choosing at its tiller.

But for heaven's sake let's stop bellyaching and build it. I have enough faith in our men and our system to believe that we can.

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SONG CYCLE

In the days when I thought I might like to be a poet—we've all had our dreams, you know—I sometimes thought that a Song Cycle would be a very interesting thing to write.

And now that I know I never will be a poet I think I'll write one; a bit of it this week, a bit of it next month, and perhaps a bit of it never.

By Song Cycle I mean a cycle of verse dedicated to the personalities of the various musical instruments. For their voices and appearances are not the only things about them that differ. Each has a personality of its own.

In those personalities geography and history and racial differences make themselves felt. Sometimes the personality is strong, sometimes it is weak. But always it is there for the person who tunes his ear to it to catch.

There are divisions, too, broad general divisions like those in the human race. The drum, the trumpet, the wood-wind, the strings. The piano and organ have a suggestion of the melting pot in them. And those mechanical contraptions which will at the drop of the hat, or of a nickel, play all sorts of things with all sorts of discords deserve a place, too. They are the final outcome of wanton miscegenation.

Then there's the saxophone—but let us get back to pleasanter thoughts.

Take the flute. To me it suggests the East—the Moroccan bled, Fez and Taza and the cities of Asia Minor. And not entirely, I believe, because I have heard it played there on many a still evening. Rather I think it is because there is in the quality of its tone some suggestion of old worn-out plains peopled with old worn-out races.

It whispers of cities long since become but mounds of ruins in a desert that once bloomed and blooms no more. We hear in it a land that once contained all that was great in man's world lamenting its lost glories—and its lost opportunities.

So let us start our cycle with the flute.

THE FLUTE

I sing a minor melody
Across the roofs at eventide
In cities ancient as the sea,
Where haunting memories abide.

Above deserted souks I wail.
When holy hour has merged with night,
My cry comes tenuous and frail
O'er dreaming walls of moonwashed white.

I tell of glories passed away
About the ashes of a fire
That warmed a long forgotten day
In Babylon and Ur and Tyre.

The caravan has come and gone.
The warder sleeps beside the gate.
The miracle of life moves on,
And Babylon awakes—too late.

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TAX PAYMENT BY PRODUCTION

Foreign Trade.

About this Tax Payment by Production idea that I've been advocating:—

Some people may see it until it runs afoul of the question of foreign trade and then lose track of it.

For if the idea is to use new production as a basis for new buying power, and use the new buying power to move the new production, how can we fit foreign markets and foreign raw materials into the picture?

Our economy is more nearly self-contained than most, but exports and imports do still play an important part in it. And there are some foreign raw materials that we just can't get along without.

This is indeed something to be considered. So let's consider it.

We might go *ersatz*, as the Germans put it. But that idea of synthetic substitutes is a makeshift. It does lead to the development of some wonderful chemical processes, but it makes for economic inefficiency while the processes are being developed.

So then, let's ask ourselves this question, "Is there anything in the fact that we must import and export to keep our industry going properly that would keep the system of Tax Payment by Production from working properly?"

So far as imports of foreign finished products are concerned we needn't worry much about it. We are always fiddling around with tariffs on them anyhow.

An import tax in kind at the same rate as the domestic tax would give the government its equity in such products as soon as they reached our shores. They would then be run through the distributing system just as were goods of domestic manufacture, with existing tariffs on them retained or reduced as we saw fit.

But raw materials are different. Since the government wouldn't be paying cost refunds to producers overseas, a tax in kind on imports must increase their cost to those of our manufacturers who need them.

In 1929 our total imports of essential raw materials had a value of about $2,000,000,000. At 20 per cent a tax in kind on that amount would be $400,000,000. If this were not to become a charge upon our industry the government would have to pay back this $400,000,000.

And where would it get the money? Here we come up against that classic question, and the fact that in recent years we haven't always bothered about answering it doesn't imply that it doesn't have to be answered. In the long run it certainly does.

Where, then, would the government get the $400,000,000 to pay for the extra rubber and nickel and other essential foreign materials that our industrialists would need to fill their tax production?

Well, where do we get the money to pay for our imports now? We get it from our exports. That is the way foreign trade works. We export one thing and use the credits to buy something else.

And goods produced for export would be paying a Tax in Kind. They would pass through the productive system just like any other goods, with the same tax equities accruing to the government and the same labor cost refunds, capital goods subsidies and remission of share-the-wealth taxes being made to their manufacturers and handlers.

And when they were ready to leave our shores the sales tax on them would be due. In a year like 1929 the total amount of this at 20 per cent would be about a billion dollars. And it would not increase the price of the goods to foreign buyers, since the extra production costs would be refunded.

So the $400,000,000 which we needed for foreign raw materials would be taken from this amount. And there'd be a balance of $600,000,000.

But wait a minute. How and where would we sell the tax goods produced for export? They would run into a definite marketing problem, wouldn't they? For increasing domestic buying power won't move goods to be sold in Brazil or China or the British Empire.

Well, how do we create markets abroad? By buying abroad. And how do we increase them? By selling abroad more cheaply.

So our purchase of $400,000,000 of added raw materials abroad should increase our overseas markets by approximately that amount. And the other $600,000,000 necessary to move tax goods produced for export would be provided by refunding to the exporter the balance of the Tax in Kind on exports after the money to buy the necessary imported materials had been taken out.

This should make it possible for us to sell abroad some 12 per cent more cheaply than we do now. And it should increase our foreign markets accordingly.

Let us not forget for a moment that trade is exactly what its name implies; that whether at home or abroad, you sell, in the long run, as much as you buy; that while balances may flow one way or the other the absolute balance asserts itself in the end. And we would preserve our balance overseas partly by buying more raw materials from abroad and partly by selling more cheaply there, which is exactly in accordance with the workings of foreign trade.

Consequently while Tax Payment by Production is designed with an eye to solving a domestic problem there is nothing fundamental in the setup of foreign trade which would keep it from operating properly.

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Turlock will be the scene of the annual Stanislaus County Fair August 1 to 6, reports the California State Automobile Association. Products of the area will be displayed in competitive exhibits. A horse show will be held on the concluding two days.

"The wittles is up!"

Most of the 35 miles down the winding coast road to our week-end destination the Youngest Constant Eater, sitting in the back seat with *Gerry* and the two-day food supply, murmured in a dazed sort of way, ". . from the bottom of Ocean avenue to Hatton Fields . . from the bottom of Ocean avenue to Hatton Fields . ."

That, you see, we had been told was the equivalent of the distance we would have to climb on foot to reach the cabin on the mountainside. It sounded rather daunting to the Y.C.E., who can take hours on horseback or endless diving into a pool and climbing out again but doesn't welcome prosaic labor any more enthusiastically than most 12-year-olds.

Nothing on wheels, however, can make use of that narrow, zigzag trail up the steep canyon wall which led us, now damply and fragrantly through redwood shadows, now warmly and sunnily across dry patches open to the sky, and finally over airy rail-less wooden bridges hung high above masses of tumbled rocks and splashing waterfalls. It was a beautiful if slightly breathless approach to paradise, and even burdened as we were with what seemed to us the necessities of life we found the way easier and shorter than it had appeared in prospect.

And when we came to the top and found the world of mountains and canyons and ocean spread out in a spectacular panorama, all ours to marvel over for two days, we felt that it would have been worth a climb twice as long and steep!

Reflecting in a daze of reminiscent happiness on the experiences of the week-end I can think of several aspects of it relevant to the the avowed subject of this column; such as what kind of food to take when you have to carry it all on your back up the side of a mountain; or which foods are lightest in weight and heaviest in nourishment; how to get by with the least work in preparing meals so that somebody besides the masculine members of the party shall have a vacation; or a description of the little kitchen of the cabin, so unexpectedly well furnished with cooking and cleaning equipment, and with windows on three sides. I keep remembering the one over the sink which looked across the canyon to a yucca in full bloom, proud and lonely in its stately ivory beauty against the arid background of rocks and brown grass. Or I might go into the problems—and pleasures—of cooking on a wood stove, its quick, roaring heat and the little oven that surprises you by turning your toast to charcoal before you thought it could possibly be more than the proper melba brown. . .

But it was at the end of the day that I found what I want to write about. Darkness came down over us leaving only a memory of the long, lovely day . . . splashing in the swimming pool . . . watching through binoculars little beetles running along the highway so dizzily far below . . . seeing wooly blankets of fog drift in and out, now hiding the foot of the cliffs, now receding so that blue water and scalloped surf could be seen . . . always hot sunshine up where we were above the clouds . . . little lizards darting among the rocks . . . the few moments of thrill when our first rattlesnake glided out into the path between us and the cabin . . . Sunburned and weary, we shut ourselves in away from the vast and now just a little awesome dark. Outside there might be prowling mountain lions, rattlesnakes and other denizens of the wild, but we were safe inside the snug cabin with a couple of kerosene reading lamps shedding their mellow light at either end of the long redwood table, the log fire flickering and two friendly little field mice scampering up and down the rough stones of the fireplace, entirely unconcerned by our presence.

It was then that we looked to see what the cabin offered for reading matter. We found the little shelf of books was perfect for our needs; the Y.C.E. was happy with three Penrods and a Ralph Henry Barbour, his father re-read his old love, "The Circle," in one of those fat "Week-end" collections, while I joyfully made the acquaintance of the inimitable Senor Don Juan Obrigon in that fascinating book, "The Journey of the Flame."

Obrigon is the Spanish version of O'Brien, for the hero of the narrative was the son of a Spanish girl and a red-headed Irishman who made a brief visit to her village on the coast of Lower California. Juan Colorado was born in 1798 and died in 1902 and in his long life he naturally saw many changes of custom and manners. When he was 12 he made a memorable trip from Lower California to San Francisco in the company of the great Don Firmin Sanhudo, then Inspector-General of Colonies and personal representative of the King of Spain. Don Firmin's wife was a De la Cerda, of the same ancient family as Juan Colorado's mother. The account of the year which that difficult journey covered forms the subject of the book, told with a vivid recollection of detail that takes you with them over the lonely trails of early California history.

Again and again, reading this absorbing story, I came across bits which seemed to me too good to leave inside the covers of the book. Juan Colorado was a strong-minded old gentleman who kept his hair and his teeth and was never ill till he contracted Spanish influenza in his 70th year. Here is his observation on how to bring up a really husky boy: "Calf beef is delicious, but lacks strength. . . Had I a boy to bring up as a boy should be brought up, I would kill a seven-year bull weekly, and if the child, from six months old, ate aught else than bull's flesh, I would dress him in skirts and set him to growing greens in a garden. Bull's beef is man's food."

He had much to say about food all along the journey, which is one reason the book is so interesting, but his discourse on abalones is particularly delightful. "It (abalone) is, our padres say, that manna with which God fed His people in the Red Sea country. Probably this is true, for abalones are also the strongest food known, and may have helped Jews to subdue the Egyptians. He who eats a meal of abalone in the morning can work all day untired, and returning home, wait without anger for his evening fare." He continues: "This meat is good in all ways: fried in steaks it is delicious; stewed with milk it is still better; but ground finely on a *metate* (stone hand mill) and with fat and corn flour made into balls and boiled with *garbanzos* (chick peas), it is so good that nothing is better."

After a strong statement like this it is not surprising to read on that "These meals on abalone force meat set me to thinking of the injustice of life. Had I my way, our female Saints would be selected yearly from our best cooks, and all such, as chosen, be allowed to wear a crown of assorted haloes while still alive. Thus, by encouraging their love of dress and of approbation, and securing them against hell fires, such fashion might be given to cooking as would make it the worthiest pursuit of woman.

"Had Satan been the All-Wise our monks claim for him, he had endowed Eve with the art of cookery. Then old women could have led men as young ones now do, and all mankind would have landed in Hell with absolute certainty."

Many indeed were the rewards for that climb up the canyon wall; not least was the privilege of making the acquaintance of Juan Colorado and joining him in the exciting "Journey of the Flame."

—CONSTANT EATER

Red Cross Report Shows Expenditure Of $1115 for Work in Three Months

During the quarterly period covering April, May and June, Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, expended the sum of $1115.44 for its activities, which embraced medical aid, hospitalization, rehabilitation, milk for undernourished children, and food.

This report was made by the treasurer, Charles L. Berkey, at the quarterly meeting of the Governing Board, held last week.

Byington Ford, chairman of the recently inaugurated Volunteer Blood Transfusion Committee, announced the following committee appointments: Dr. Marshall L. Carter, John C. Abernethy, A. W. Wheldon, Mrs. R. R. Wallace and Miss Katherine Smits. Records of the committee will be kept at Peninsula Community Hospital and all examinations will be conducted at stated intervals, without compensation. Any person between the ages of 18 and 40 can volunteer for this transfusion service. The blood will be used for indigent cases only.

The class in Braille transcription for the blind, under the leadership of Miss Jane Burritt, is making splendid progress and the work has already received the approval of the librarian of the Library of Congress at Washington.

Miss P. Leslie King, executive secretary, who represented the chapter at the National Red Cross Convention in Washington, D.C., gave a most interesting talk covering the inspirational phases of the convention, and outlined several activities that will be adopted by the local chapter.

C. W. Lee, chapter chairman, announced that the executive committee had accepted a quota of 1000 memberships for the 1940 Roll Call which will begin November 11.

Col. T. B. Taylor, chairman of the Disaster Preparedness and Relief Committee, presented the following set-up of his organization, which will be subject to call for any Peninsula disaster:

Publicity, C. W. Lee; Purchasing Officer, Kent Clark, Mrs. H. J. Morse; Legion Liaison Officer, Corum Jackson.

Sub-Committees:

Survey and Intelligence. C. P. Burrows, Maj. Wm. Kneass, Arthur T. Shand; Rescue, Corum Jackson, Comm. Peterson, Fred McIndoe; Food, E. H. Ewig, C. W. Whitney, Earl Graft; Clothing, Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, Mrs. J. W. Dickinson, Mrs. John Dennis, Mrs. H. N. Taylor, Mrs. Wm. B. Swain; Shelter, Mrs. Eva Douglass, James Thoburn, Barnet Segal; Medical Aid, Dr. R. A. Kocher, Dr. Marshall L. Carter, Dr. John Gray, Dr. Margaret Levick; Nursing, Miss Alma Edler; Registration and Information, James L. Cockburn, Bernard Rowntree, Miss Leslie King; Transportation and Communication, Herman Crossman, William Staniford, Mrs. Robert Stanton; Finance, Charles Berkey, John Abernethy, A. F. Halle.

Disaster work falls into two divisions: Pre-Disaster work, covering prevention and preparedness, and disaster work, covering emergency relief and rehabilitation.

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Carmel Sends a Contingent Tonight to Del Monte's "Tortilla Flat" Party at the Famous Hotel

ON THE WAY to Tortilla Flat. Bruce Ariss, Leta Lee and Esther Lou Hatch try out the old bus to see if it will make the grade

Dressed in ginghams, blue jeans, and all sorts of old clothes, Carmel people are planning to attend the "Tortilla Flat" party at Del Monte tonight in a body.

Getting into the spirit of the affair, many of them will drive over to the hotel in ancient flivvers such as the characters of John Steinbeck's best selling novel might have owned.

Arriving at the hotel they will enter the Bali Room through the doors of a replica of Danny's House and waiting to greet them will be a group of paisanos who will later present typical Old Monterey entertainment.

Decorations for the party have been completed by August Gay and by Bruce Ariss, who is a close friend of Steinbeck and accompanied him on one of his trips to Mexico.

Special Old Monterey selections will be featured by Freddie Nagel and members of his coast to coast radio orchestra who will appear dressed in blue jeans and will play sprawled out on the floor in paisano fashion.

The party promises to be one of the most unusual ever held on the Monterey Peninsula and those planning to attend are advised to make reservations without further delay.

\+ + +

READ THE CLASSIFIED ADS THIS WEEK—YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

Next Week Is "Recreation Week" by Proclamation Of Our Governor and, Too, of Our Mayor

PROCLAMATION

By official proclamation, Governor C. L. Olson has designated the week of July 23rd to 29th, 1939, as Recreation Week throughout California.

During this week our citizens are urged to inform themselves as to the activities and facilities made available to them by public Recreation agencies, local, state and federal. To that end, exhibits have been arranged, and public meetings scheduled for the discussion of the philosophy, aims and objectives of a community Recreation program.

Public Recreation may well be considered one of the foundation stones of our democracy, where equal opportunity for self-expression and the enjoyment of life are available to every one, regardless of race, creed or color, or social or economic status.

I particularly urge you to visit and inspect the new Recreational facilities acquired by this community through Federal cooperation, and to become acquainted with the splendid men and women to whom we have entrusted the proper direction of our leisure time activities. Theirs is a heavy responsibility, which has increased many fold during the past years, due to unemployment and to shortened working hours.

As Mayor of the City of Carmel, we invite your careful study of our Recreational needs, and your cooperation in making provisions for an adequate public Recreation Program.

[Signed] HERBERT HERON
Mayor of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

July 23 to 29, inclusive, has been proclaimed by one of the most ardent supporters of recreation, our own Governor Culbert L. Olson, as Recreation Week in the State of California.

Works Progress Administration recreation leaders will be found at various playgrounds helping to make this week a great success.

The Carmel city courts will be quite busy, where a junior tennis tournament will be in progress.

A glee club is being organized, while badminton, table tennis and basketball tournaments are being arranged at Sunset School.

Those desiring to enter into any of the competitive games should contact one of the recreation leaders who will be very glad to aid them in every possible way.

Any special musical or entertainment talent will be gladly received by appreciative audiences.

Folks from three years of age to 93 are invited to join in the fun.

\+ + +

On the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

Dick and Rhoda Johnson were guests of Galt and Connie Bell the other day on a trip to Los Angeles to witness the seventh birthday celebration of "The Drunkard." Rhoda, sitting at a table so close to the stage that the master of ceremonies addressed half his remarks to her, could see some of the stage furnishings she had made for the play when it started in Carmel more than seven years ago. It has now been running steadily in Los Angeles since almost immediately after it left here.

\+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL.

BAGGETT'S 'RHYTHM ACES' SWING AT MISSION CLUB

Neal Baggett and his "Rhythm Aces" will be at the Mission Ranch Club a week from tomorrow night, July 29, and will supply all the swing you can handle from 9 o'clock on. Thank Betty Carr for snaring him, and if it's tickets you're after, call Mrs. Cornelia Mulvin or any member of the club, for the dance is for members and guests. You can wear rodeo clothes, which means blue jeans, riding clothes, or anything you fancy, even if it's a cotton evening dress. At midnight there will be food and you will thank Mrs. Addie McKnight for that.

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Personalities & Personals

Distinguished visitor to our Peninsula last week-end was Mary Margaret McBride, on the west coast for a brief respite from her broadcasting duties over the Columbia network in New York City. Over Station WOR she is known for her Martha Deane program. She came down from San Francisco for the rodeo with Mary Houlihan of Station KSFO, and Friday night found them at the First Theater among the Rancho Carmelo dude-ranchers enjoying "Tatters." She and Miss Houlihan lunched at Rancho Carmelo on Saturday but could spare no further time as the holiday period is over . Last year when Peggy Mathiot was in New York, it was over Miss McBride's station and on her program that she had her first taste of broadcasting.

+

Rogers Whitaker, son of Gene Foster Whitaker and brother of Francis Whitaker of Carmel, arrived in town last Friday from New York City. On Saturday he had to leave for his day allocated to the Fair, and Francis, Elaine and the two children, Sheila and Stephen (thrilled with their first ride on a train), went up to enjoy it with him. Rogers is on the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*.

+

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Seifert, Jr., of the Mission Tract, have been Los Angeles visitors for the past week.

+

Spectators from Carmel seen at the rodeo included Captain and Mrs. J. Shelburn Robison and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Alderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Overhulse and Miss Dawn, Mr. and Mrs. Marius Tobiassen, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Dell De Rosier.

+

Alan Campbell arrived in town from San Francisco Monday night and is here for all of the Bach Festival. .He plans to be here permanently again by August 15, will be in his own house at that time which at present is rented.

+

Florence Sharon Brown, back again with the Misses Berthe and Ellen von Kleinschmidt after her trip up in the country, is busy getting the James Douds' new house straightened out before they arrive from Santa Barbara. The furniture has already arrived. Mrs. Doud, just in case you don't know, is Mrs. Brown's daughter, and the Douds recently bought the Coolidge house up in Hatton Fields.

+

It was a Beer Barrel Polka evening at the Jon Konigshofers last Saturday night, with the lighted patio doubling for the living room, and the living room cleared for dancing. Considering that the affair was whipped up on the spur of an instant and the news passed around by grapevine telegraph, it was a particularly successful party and everyone had a grand time.

+

Among those who saw a rodeo for the first time last Saturday was Laura des Cherres, visiting the von Kleinschmidts this summer from Greenwich, Conn. In the party, which occupied the James Doud box at the Salinas Rodeo, were the Misses Berthe and Ellen von Kleinschmidt, Florence Sharon Brown, Helen Anderson and Gretel Konarsky.

+

Stella Hoogs White arrived on Sunday from San Francisco for the opening of the Bach Festival with the harpsichord of Madame Ehlers' as her special lure. Her friend and contemporary in the world of piano music, Antoinette Detcheva, soloist of last year's Festival, who had hoped to come down with Miss White, sends her personal greetings and good wishes to all those participating in this week of Bach music.

+

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bennett of Downers Grove, Ill., have returned to Carmel once more for their vacation. They expect to spend some time at the Fair, but hate to cut short any of their delightful Carmel days.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Follette and son, Lee, were the week-end guests of Miss Adeline Wolter.

+

Jim and Ruth Cooke are just back from eight days in Los Angeles.

+

Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell and her daughter, Jane, and Mrs. Herbert Upson and her daughter, Virginia, were in town for last evening's concert. Mrs. Caldwell is the mother of Virginia Scardigli, and her sister, Mrs. Upson, is visiting her in Berkeley from Cincinnati.

+

Miss Helen Higgason of El Paso, Texas, former school teacher of Dorothy Stephenson of Carmel and old friend of Dorothy's aunt, Miss Carrie Covington, was their week-end guest at their San Carlos street home.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Lloyd of the *Pine Cone* spent last week-end in San Francisco as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. James Hopper, Jr. They did not go to the Fair; spent most of their time around the wharves and ate their fill of shrimp and crabs.

+

Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Farbman are in Carmel for a week, have a cottage up on Santa Fe. Farbman is camera man on the San Francisco *Examiner*.

+

Paul Hill, former Carmel business man and the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Hill of San Carlos and Eighth, has been in Carmel for two weeks visiting his parents and leaves for Aberdeen, Washington, tomorrow. With him is Lieut. Karl Allen Oliver. Returning to Washington with him is his seven-year-old daughter, Harriet, who has been visiting her grandparents. Harriet flew down from Olympia all by herself in a United Airliner a month ago, which constitutes a record of sorts for a seven-year-older.

+

Miss Mary Elizabeth Moynihan is down for the Bach Festival from Belvedere, Marin County. It was her father who gave one of the bells to the Carmel Mission.

+

Mrs. R. G. Wagonet and her daughter, Margaret, were in Carmel last Sunday with Mrs. Wagonet's sister, Mrs. Charles Roth. Mrs. Wagonet is on the west coast from Washington, D.C.

+

A bride and bridegroom were lunching at the Jon Konigshofers' last Tuesday. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Carey Gilman, married last Saturday in San Francisco, and spending a week in a Carmel studio on Camino Real. Mrs. Gilman was Vera Wantz of San Francisco before her marriage and Johnnie is well-acquainted all over this Monterey County.

Paul Clampett is here this week from San Francisco visiting his mother, Mrs. F. W. Clampett, on San Antonio street.

+

Mrs. Marie Devereau, cousin of Kay Brownell, is visiting her from Detroit, and will be at the Brownell home on San Antonio for a week or ten days.

+

Miss Betty Wheeler joined her parents, the W. W. Wheelers, at Pebble Beach this week, coming down from San Francisco on Monday. Young Virginia and William, Jr., entertained Natalie Green and her brother, Crawford, of San Francisco, last week-end.

+

Mrs. C. H. Lowell of San Antonio street is entertaining three interesting guests this week. Mrs. James Haines Howell of Sacramento is a sculptor and a designer of small houses; Miss Margaret M. Clark is a musician and is with the educational division at Sherman Clay & Co., San Franicsco; Miss Luella Marriner is with the Sacramento library.

+

Mrs. Amelia Klein had as her guests this past week Mrs. Lilien C. Atkinson and her young son, Graham. Mrs. Atkinson lived in Ceylon until two years ago. She now raises registered Shetland ponies at her *Silverthorne Farm* at Mountain View, Calif. She also raises peacocks and pheasants. It was Mrs. Atkinson's first visit to Carmel but she says "There are to be many more."

+

Hélène Vye shut up shop last Saturday and she and George and Jane Fylling went to Tassajara for the week-end. There's nothing like playing hookey to add zest to a holiday. That's what we always say. What do you always say?

+

Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Northrup entertained Mrs. Northrup's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cameron of Visalia, last week. A cocktail party was given in their honor on Thursday to which the George Fortiers, the Harold Selveys and Dr. and Mrs. William F. Coughlin were invited. The Camerons left for home last Saturday.

+

Mrs. Sally McCreery honored her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Gansel, last Monday afternoon at a tea on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary. The date was also young Jack Gansel's 14th birthday, so he came in for a share in celebration, too.

The tea was given at the Gansel home at Junipero and Eleventh from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mrs. McCreery had the house beautifully decorated with sweet peas and a complete silver tea service. Mrs. James Thoburn and Mrs. Lester Dewar poured, and the guests included Mrs. O. W. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Frederick Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Timbers, Mrs. Victor Graham, Mrs. Charles Askew, Miss Flora Gifford, Miss Beth Morgan, Mrs. D. E. Nixon, Mrs. Clara Louise Beller, Dr. Wilber W. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McCreery, Hallie Samson, William La Frenz, Mrs. O. W. Bardarson, Mrs. Helen Paulsen and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Harber. And as for Jack's guests, there were Martin Artellan, Louis Machado, Rodney Dewar and Lew Earl McCreery, plus his brothers, Charles and Bob.

+

Bert Spencer and John Thompson scored the highest at the Monday night bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club. Mrs. Ivy Oeschger and Ray Brownell came in second.

John and Carol Steinbeck were in Carmel this week from Monday through Wednesday, staying at Hatton Fields with Webster Street. They're back home in Los Gatos now. John isn't doing much writing this year, but is busying himself mainly, when not just resting, with conferences with movie script writers concerning the filming of

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"Of Mice and Men" and "Grapes of Wrath."

+

Mr. and Mrs. Charles U. Fonteneau of Stockton and their children, Edith Marie and Betty Lou, are spending the summer in their cottage at San Carlos and Eleventh.

+ + +

"Tatters" Scores

(Continued from Page One)

was well-cast in the part of *Clementina Fairlace*.

With Spud Gray as Master of Ceremonies, the olio got under way with the usual enthusiasm, accompanied by more than the usual battery of peanuts. Something should be done about this peanut situation. Those things hurt, and I mean physically, a fact which the audience seemed to overlook entirely.

As for the olio, the old favorites received as much enthusiasm as always. It just wouldn't be right if an olio failed to end up in the "bushes at the bottom of the garden." However, a Can-Can number with Winifred Howard and Ellen Skadan as a couple of most alluring Can-Can girls in a dance arranged by Billie McConnell, brought round after round of applause, and a young lady named Carol Joyce Hildebrand sang "Waiting at the Church." Here's hoping they'll make a permanent Trouper out of her, for the child is good. Spud Gray's song, "Wait for the Wagon," was worth many repeats, and the barber shop quartet, featuring Bob Bratt, Louis Dubin, Verne Williams and Del Page, practically stopped the show. It was good to have Milt Latham back again with the "Schnitzelbank" business. This time he was dressed in an authentic Bavarian costume and we expected him to break out into a yodel any moment.

On Sunday night Galt Bell was discovered in the audience, and before he could escape was hauled onto the stage for a brief word or two. He was on his way south from San Francisco and apparently enjoyed what Gordon Knoles and the company had done with "Tatters," one of his first loves. —M. W.

"Ballerina," Prize-Winning Film, At Filmarte Beginning Sunday

"Ballerina," the prize-winning French film that was written from Paul Morand's novel of the backstage world, comes to the Filmarte Theatre this Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 23, 24 and 25. Directed by Jean Benoit-Levy, particularly noted for his handling of children, "Ballerina" stars two famous ballet dancers, Mia Slavonska of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and Yvette Chauvire of the Paris Opera Ballet. The supporting cast, headed by M. Benoit-Levy's latest discovery, 12-year-old Janine Charrat, includes the pupils of the Ballet School of the French National Opera.

It is into the backstage realm where these girls spend most of their waking hours that "Ballerina" takes us. Into the basement rehearsal room where silver-slippered little mites practise their pirouettes. Into the dressing-room where they don their costumes and make-up for a performance. Into the crowded wings just behind the stage-drop where they wait none too quietly for their cues.

They are temperamental beings, these ballerinas. Their loves and their hates are fiery passions. But the dominant emotion that rules all their lives is their devotion to their art, on the altar of which they joyfully lay any sacrifice that is demanded of them.

Van Riper Won't Serve; Williams Is Appointed

Following receipt of the refusal of Charles K. Van Riper to accept appointment on the Carmel Unified School district board of trustees, James G. Force, county superintendent of schools, named Dr. W. B. Williams to the place and Dr. Williams accepted. The board's personnel, which will tackle the problem of building the new Carmel High school, is Mrs. Eugene A. H. Watson, chairman; Hugh W. Comstock, clerk; Mrs. Louis H. Levinson, Peter Mawdsley and Dr. Williams.

Dr. Williams was sworn in by Comstock yesterday.

It is not expected that the board will meet before August 1 unless word is received from Washington that Congress has passed the new PWA appropriation bill. Carmel's high school project, to a total of $300,000, is said to be on the preferred list for PWA help from the government to the extent of 45 per cent of the total cost.

+ + +

Two Dollars will send THE CYMBAL to all parts foreign for a year.

Two Solos You Didn't Hear But See

There are two nightly solo performances to which we wish on behalf of the Festival audiences to give belated but richly deserved credit.

To Lorena Ray's symphony in three greens which is composed of delicate fern and mounting stalks of indigenous Carmel foliage, making one of the finest decorative pieces for the auditorium ever yet achieved there. No one entering the hall for the first time during this Festival can help but be lifted up instantly by the loveliness of this, so that it is a kind of fitting overture to the music.

And to Clay Otto for his triumph of lighting. Clay has worked a good many years and tried innumerable experiments to achieve the completely satisfactory job he has done this year. The limitations of the inflexible board with which he has to work at Sunset School are reminiscent of some of the unwieldy instruments on which Bach himself composed his finest works. Clay made a picture of the stage and picked up every green leaf and stem in the decoration and this in spite of the fact that he came in at the 11th hour to pinch-hit for Kay Knudsen. —L. S.

+ + +

"YOUR WITS' END" TOPIC OF DR. McKEE'S SERMON

"When You Come to Your Wits' End!" is the title of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon for the 11 o'clock service at Carmel Community Church this Sunday morning.

The Church School begins at 9:45 a.m. The Bible Class begins at 10 o'clock a.m., and the Junior Group meets at 5 o'clock p.m.

Visitors to Carmel will receive a cordial welcome.

+ + +

The power behind a CYMBAL Classified Ad is enormous.

CARMEL MISSION MASSES

Sunday masses during the summer months held at 7, 9 and 11 o'clock. Mr. Noel Sullivan and his select choir will sing during the 11 o'clock Mass each Sunday.

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE TO OWNERS OF DOGS

Amendments to the Monterey County Dog Licensing Ordinance provide for the licensing of all dogs (outside of incorporated cities) whether confined exclusively on the premises of the owner or not.

The license fee for male or neuter dogs has been reduced to fifty cents; the fee for female dogs remains at $3.50.

C. F. JOY, County Clerk.

July 14, 21, 28, 1939

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

4 LOTS $1100—In La Loma Terrace we have 4 good lots 40 x 100 ft. each. Can be sold separately at $300 per lot or $1100 for the 4 lots together. These lots are close to Pico St. in fine section. They are bargains. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (2)

BEAUTIFUL LOT in redwoods of Palo Colorado canyon. 25 min. from Carmel. 40,000 ft. of trees. Half acre. Spring water. Tel. Carmel 784-W. P. O. Box 1403 (6)

VIEW LOT—One of the finest building lots in Carmel Woods. Has an open view of the water, with the beautiful pine forest below, and the view cannot be shut off. Has 90 ft. frontage and is practical for building. Fine homes all around. All utilities there. Owner will take a loss for quick sale. This is a real lot buy. FHA will make Loan for new home. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. Phone 66. (3)

NEW HOME in Carmel Woods with Ocean view. Sacrifice price. Large double lot. Attractive stone work, two bedrooms besides child's room, full basement. Tel. 1213. (4)

N. DOLORES LOT—Just 6 blocks from Ocean Avenue, in a fine section of good homes, have large lot 80 x 100 ft. (Equal to 2 40-ft. lots) for $700. FHA Construction Loan can be secured. Large enough to avoid crowding of homes on either side. Was priced higher—but new price is $700. Monthly terms to suit. Compare with any other lot in this section for value. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg. Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (3)

CARMEL BARGAINS:
Corner lot, close in, fine trees, Ocean view, $500.
Lots, with fine oaks and magnificent pines, at $350.
House near Ocean, view, furnished, two bedrooms, $3,800.
Large view site right on beach, for $3,750.
Carmel Valley listings.
ELIZABETH McCLUNG WHITE, Realtor, Box 325, Telephone 171, Carmel (3)

CORNER LOT $550—Here is a nice large corner lot, in a fine location in Carmel Woods, where a little cottage can be tucked away among the trees, creating a most attractive and unusual home. It faces the sun. New homes are planned for lots close by. FHA will loan for new home. Gas, water, electricity and telephone are available. Monthly terms—$10 per month will buy it. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (3)

HIGHLANDS BARGAIN—We have just been given a fine property for sale in beautiful Carmel Highlands—to be sold at a real bargain price. Approx. 1¾ acres with a good stucco home with 3 bedrooms and sleeping porch. Marvelous view of water. Beautiful trees. Fine location near Peter Pan Lodge. Land alone worth the price we can sell the whole property for. Any reasonable offer will be considered, and terms can be arranged for part of it, or a smaller cottage will be considered in trade. An opportunity to get a very valuable property in the Highlands at a bargain—See CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (2)

REAL ESTATE FOR TRADE

WILL EXCHANGE $5200 first trust deed on Orchard property in Santa Clara Valley for Carmel house. Address L-44, Cymbal office. (3)

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR SALE OR RENT. Very attractive home, 1 bedroom, bath downstairs, 2 with bath upper floor overlooking sea. Best location. P.O. Box 44 or Tel. 521-W. (3)

LOST

CREAM - COLORED, 3-months-old Persian Cat from 7th and Mission. Tel. 120-W. Reward. (3)

SMALL OVER-NIGHT suitcase. Initials "M.E.C." Return to Bostick and Wood. (3)

TORTOISE SHELL GLASSES on beach foot of Ocean ave. Wed. a. m. Reward. Box 1117, Carmel. (3)

GREEN FOUNTAIN PEN. Please return to Kit Whitman, Carmel Art Institute. Carmel 1222. (3)

ROOMS FOR RENT

READY TO RENT: Parlor, bedroom and sink to someone having bowing acquaintance with vacuum cleaner and dustmop. Has good bed, shower, lighthousekeeping facilities and private entrance. Everything furnished, utilities included. Priced reasonably and it's clean. Phone Carmel 558, SEVERN'S on Sixth. (6)

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WANTED — Experienced advertising men and women to join newly-formed advertising agency for local and national accounts. We desire those qualified in all forms of creative work as well as account executives. State full particulars of qualifications and proven earning capacity. Information will be treated confidentially. Address L-47, Cymbal Office. (3)

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FLAT LOAN on high class property, about $3,400. Address L-46, Cymbal office. (3)

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Girl Scouts Honor Mrs. Morehouse

Presentation of the Girl Scout Thanks Badge to Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, leader of Carmel Troop No. 2, was a part of the activities at Big Sur Camp last Sunday evening. The presentation was made by her daughter, Alice, who acted as representative of her troop. The badge was an expression of appreciation from the troop and the Carmel Girl Scout Council for Mrs. Morehouse's active participation as a Brownie and Girl Scout leader.

This youngest patrol made elaborate preparations for a shadow puppet entertainment that evening. Colored cellophane was used for lighting effects. "Jack and the Bean Stalk" was dramatized by Barbara Timmins, Joan Dekker and Carol Walker. The giant in the story had a ferocious green cellophane eye. The "Sleeping Princess" was dramtized by Barbara Josselyn, Mary Jean Elliott and Martha Moller. The wings of the good fairies and the banquet table were made gay with cellophane colors. A forest of green trees was most effective in the dramatization of "Hansel and Gretel" by Ann Hodgson, Alice Morehouse and Jane Mylar.

Monterey Troop No. 3 was given a section of the campsite to develop as its own, and ingenuity was used in making living quarters in a large circle. An all-day hike to Dani's beach was included in the program as well as various crafts.

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HERE'S WHERE HONESTY GETS MORE THAN ITS OWN SLIM REWARD

There's a young man in Carmel who has a chicken dinner coming his way. And the girl friend will be with him, too. And the bill will be nothing. And here's the story.

Ella of Southern Kitchen fame lost her pocketbook between her Mission street dining room and Monterey. Filled it was with money, too, for these are better days. So filled that it seemed hopeless to expect the return of the pocketbook in any except an emptied condition.

But—a young Carmel gentleman found the purse and returned the same to a surprised Ella.

Emily Bronte Film At the Carmel This Sunday

"SHE BELONGS to me. Only her arms can hold my love"

Titian-haired Merle Oberon has her most important and dramatic role to date in the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Wuthering Heights," the great love story which stars her opposite Laurence Olivier and David Niven and appears on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 23, 24 and 25 at the Carmel Theatre.

"Wuthering Heights" casts Oberon as *Cathy*, hot-tempered, devil-may-care Nineteenth Century lass who runs wild over the moors and crags of Yorkshire. *Cathy's* beauty attracts the love of two men—brooding and darksome *Heathcliff*, and the wealthy and socially prominent *Edgar Linton*.

William Wyler, who has given the entertainment world such outstanding film productions as "These Three," "Dead End," "Dodsworth" and "Jezebel," directs "Wuthering Heights." Included in the imposing cast of supporting players are Flora Robson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, and Madame Alice Ehlers, known to Carmel audiences through the Bach Festival concerts when she was featured as harpsichord soloist.

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WE WERE WRONG ABOUT RANCH PLAY FUNDS

What seemed like a good idea at the time slipped into THE CYMBAL too soon. We had thought that a part of the proceeds from the production of "House Guests" to be given at the Mission Ranch Club in August might be dissolved into cod liver oil and milk for the benefit of the Sunset School children, but it seems it isn't quite that easy, according to Sunset School authorities. Anyhow, we're sorry we mentioned it.

Resorts and hotels want to please you. They want to have accommodations waiting for your arrival. By telephoning ahead, you can discuss, agree, confirm. This year, more than ever, it pays to *telephone ahead.*

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System exhibits at the Golden Gate and New York World's Fairs.

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